witcht with the rogues companie. If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, ile be hang'd. It could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hal, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, ile ſtarue e're ile rob afoote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-man, and to leaue theſe rogues; I am the verieſt varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is three-ſcore and ten miles afoote with mee: and the ſtonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another.

They whiſtle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horſe, you rogues, giue me my horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being down? zblood ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo farre afoote againe, for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye, to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falſ. I prethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horſe, good kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Falſ. Hang thy ſelfe in thine owne heire apparant garters: if I be taine, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cuppe of ſacke be my poyſon: when ieſt is ſo forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gadſhill.

Gad. Stand. *Falſ.* So I do againſt my will.

Poi. O t'is our ſetter, I know his voyce, Bardoll, what newes?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings comming downe the hill, t'is going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie, ye rogue, t'is going to the kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's inough to make vs all:

Falſ. To be hang'd.

Prin. Sirs, you foure ſhal front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poynes, and I will walke lower: if they ſcape from your encounter,

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto. How many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight, or ten.

Falſ. Zoundes, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What, a coward, ſir Iohn paunch?

Falſ. In deed I am not Iohn of Gaunt, your grandfathe yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leaue that to the proofe.

Po. Sirra, Iacke, thy horſe ſtandes behinde the hedge, thou needſt him, there thou ſhalt find him: farewel, & ſtan

Falſ. Now can not I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poi. Here, hard by, ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I, man to his buſineſſe. *Enter the trauailers.*

Traual. Come neighbour, the boy ſhall lead our horſes the hill, weele walke a foote awhile, and eaſe our legs.

Theeues. Stand. *Trauel.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throa horeſon Catterpillers, Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs y downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no y chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on Bacons on, wha knaues? yong men muſt liue, you are graunde iurers, are weele iure ye faith.

Here they rob them, and bind them. Exeunt.

Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The theeues haue bound the true men: nowe c thou and I rob the theeues, and go merily to London, it wo be argument for a weeke, laughter for a moneth, and a goo for euer.

Poines. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Falſ. Come, my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſe b day: and the Prince and Poines bee not two arrant cowa there's no equitie ſtirring, ther's no more valour in that Po then in a wilde ducke.